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A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE

Of the late pretended

GUN-POWDER PLOT:

IN A

LETTER

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

STEPHEN THEODORE JANSSEN, Esq;

LORD-MAYOR of *London*.

By Mr. LOCKMAN,

Secretary to the SOCIETY of the *Free British Fishery*.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal VILLAIN;
Some busy and insinuating Rogue;
Some cogging, coxx'ning Slave,
Has not devis'd this Slander.——
The MAN's abus'd by some most villainous Knave;
Some base, notorious Knave; some scurvy Fellow.——
O Heaven! that such Companion thou'd'st unfold;
And put in ev'ry honest Hand a Whip,
To lash the Rascal naked through the World,
Ev'n from the East, to th' West.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
O monstrous World! take Note, take Note, (O World!)
To be direct and honest is not safe.

SHAKESPEAR.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by G. WOODFALL, *Charing-Cross*; M. COOPEER, *Pater-noster-row*; T. JAMES, under the *Royal Exchange*; and H. CHAPELLE, in *Grosvenor street*. 1755.

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By MR. LOCKMAN,

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LONDON,

Printed for the Author; and Sold by C. Yeo, [illegible]

Oberlin, [illegible] M. Cook, [illegible]

T. Jauncy, under the Royal Exchange, and [illegible]

Gravesend, in [illegible] 1735.

To the READER.

ON the first Notice the Government received of the supposed Plot, which is the Subject of the following Sheets; they instantly took all the Steps, necessary for crushing it. 'Tis in humble Imitation of their Patriot Endeavours (to preserve the Whole) that I here defend the most valuable Part of a highly injured Individual, his Reputation. This can disgust none but wicked Men; and such I shall ever think it glorious to offend.

ERRATA.

Page 18, Line 7, for *Thefe*, read *Thofe*.
21, Line 26, for *Multitudes*, read *Multitude*.
22, Line 24, for *in*, read *on*.

A

LETTER

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

LORD-MAYOR, &c.

MY LORD,

ALTHO' the great City, over which you ſo worthily preſide, was not the Scene of the infernal Villainy, which is the Subject of the following Sheets:—I yet preſumed it not improper to addreſs them to you, as they will furniſh me, not only with an Opportunity of returning my Thanks (for tho' I am not, literally, a Citizen of *London*, I yet am ſuch at Heart) for the Rectitude and Vigilance hitherto ſhown by your Lordſhip in the Government of this Metropolis; and which, I am confident, will be conſpicuous till you leave the Chair:—But as I am perſuaded, that nothing could be more pleaſing to your Lordſhip, than its being clearly demonſtrated to you, that the Report of a moſt horrid Attempt to deſtroy the preſent Royal

Family, (whom Heaven long preſerve!) is without the leaſt Shadow of Foundation:— Beſides the Satisfaction it muſt neceſſarily give your Lordſhip, to hear of the honourable Diſmiſſion of a very worthy Man; One of the moſt approved Loyalty; who had been falſely and villainouſly accuſed of a Crime, to deſcribe all the Heinouſneſs of which, the various Powers of Language would be too faint.

Truth being, in Narratives of this ſort, the moſt eſſential Ingredient; I therefore ſhall take all poſſible Care, not to ſwerve from her Dictates: And preſume, that I am not ill qualified to do this, as I write ſcarce any Thing, but from the Information of the Parties injured, with whom I am intimate; and know them (as every one elſe, does, with whom they are acquainted) to be very valuable Members of Society.

Having premiſed thus far, I ſhall begin my Narrative by informing your Lordſhip, that Mr. *Benjamin May* (a Proteſtant) the Perſon thus inhumanly ſlandered, had the chief Direction of the King's Theatre in the *Haymarket*, during a long Courſe of Years, under the late Mr. *Heidegger*; and ſtill continues in that Employment, which he has ever diſcharged to the entire Satisfaction of the Parties concerned. This very worthy, innocent Man, was made the Object of the moſt diabolical Malice; the firſt Openings

of

of which appear in an Advertiſement publiſhed by him; and offering a Reward of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, *to any one who ſhould diſcover the Author, or Authors, of the blackeſt Scene of Villainy, calculated to ruin an innocent Family, by inſinuating the moſt treaſonable Practices and Correſpondence* *.

The above Advertiſement informs us, that as *on Thurſday the 5th Inſtant, about ſeven in the Evening, two Perſons, dreſſed in dark Clothes, with Swords and Bag-wigs; the one tall, the other a ſhort, thick-ſett Man, were walking together in* Palmall, *as coming from St.* James's-Street; *one of them, in pulling out his Handkerchief, near the Cocoa-Tree Chocolate-Houſe, in* Pallmall, *dropt out of his Pocket an unſealed Letter, directed in theſe Words only,* FOR YOU: *Which Letter was taken up by a Perſon paſſing by; and the ſame two Perſons, immediately after, went into the ſaid Chocolate-Houſe.—And that, on the ſame Thurſday Night, about twelve o'Clock, a Perſon of low Stature, with a Horſeman's brown coloured Cloth great Coat on, the Cape buttoned up cloſe round his Face, and his Hat flapped all round, brought to the Horſe-ſhoe-Alehouſe, near the Opera-Houſe in the* Haymarket, *a Band-Box tied round with Packthread; and ſealed with Wax, with an Impreſſion of a ſmall Head; and delivered*

* *See the Advertiſement in various News-Papers.*

the ſaid Box to the Maid Servant, with Directions to give the ſame to Mr. May, *at whoſe Houſe the ſaid Perſon pretended he had been, but had found the Gates ſhut.*

I muſt obſerve, to your Lordſhip, that the above-mentioned Letter, when dropt in *Pallmall*, was taken up by the Laundry Maid of a Perſon of great Diſtinction, living in that Neighbourhood. The Maid carrying the Letter home, communicated it (*but not till the next Day*) to her Grace's Woman, who being thunder-ſtruck at the Contents, ſhewed the Letter to her Lady, who was no leſs ſhocked; and ſent it immediately to Juſtice *Fielding*'s.

To return to the Maid of the Horſe-ſhoe.

As it was ſo late an Hour, ſhe kept the Band-box, mentioned in the above Advertiſement, all that Night; and next Morning (*Friday* the 6th Inſtant) carried it to Mr. *May*'s in the Opera-Houſe; and there put it into the Hands of Mrs. *May*'s Servant, (ſaying ſhe had been directed to deliver it in that manner) who gave it to her Miſtreſs; her Maſter being then at his Country-Houſe in *Turnham-Green*. Mrs. *May*, who could have no Suſpicion of the deteſtable Contents, gave it afterwards to her Son, Mr. *Crawford*, Treaſurer of the Opera, a Jeweller eminent in his Profeſſion, and of unſullied Reputation; who reſides in the

the Houſe, with Mr. *May*, his Father-in-law; and ſometimes aſſiſts him in his Buſineſs.

As Mr. *Crawford* was then vaſtly buſy in ſetling the Accompts of the Opera, and paying the People belonging to it, who are very numerous; (the Operas ending next Day, for this Seaſon,)—He ſcarce looked at the Band-box; eſpecially when he was told, that it came from the Horſe-ſhoe, (a very reputable Houſe) where a Club is kept, of which Mr. *May* is a Member. Some of theſe Mr. *Crawford* knew to be of a jocoſe Diſpoſition; and thence naturally concluded, that they had ſent the Band-box, merely out of Sport. He was afterwards confirmed in this Opinion, when (on his having a Moment's Leiſure) he ſhook the Box, and found there was ſomething very light in it. He then burſt open a Corner of the Band-box, (and all this in an Inſtant) when the abovementioned Letter, ſealed, dropt out. Being now ſtill more firmly perſuaded than ever, that the whole muſt be a Frolick; and his Hurry increaſing; he imagined the Letter to be ſo little worthy of his Attention, (eſpecially on his caſting his Eye over the Superſcription, FOR YOU, that he thruſt it into his Pocket, among other looſe Papers, and never thought of it more. Mrs. *May* paid as little Deference, to this Band-box, (which was an old one) ſhe going, more

than

than once, to toſs it into the Fire; not thinking that a Thing of ſo little Conſequence in itſelf, would afterward, (like *Deſdemona*'s Handkerchief) be productive of great Evils.

Some People, who are ſo very happy as to be entire Maſters of their Time, and were never engaged in Buſineſs, (at leaſt in a Flow of complicated Buſineſs,) may think Mr. *Crawford* very remiſs, or very incurious, in not opening the Letter in Queſtion. But before ſuch Perſons can be Judges of this Matter, it were neceſſary for them to be in the ſame Situation with him. The Thoughts of an attentive Man, are, on theſe Occaſions, abſorbed by the Buſineſs before him; whence he totally diſregards every Thing foreign to it; and eſpecially whatever is judged to be of no Conſequence. And daily Experience ſhews, that Perſons ſhall often not take the leaſt Notice of their deareſt and moſt intimate Friends and Acquaintance, when ſuch addreſs them in the midſt of their Hurry.

Thus *Friday* (my Lord) the 6th inſtant paſs'd; as alſo *Saturday* the 7th (which was the laſt Day for the Operas this Seaſon;) without Mr. *Crawford*'s once thinking of the Letter: the extenſive Buſineſs of the Opera, ſtill engroſſing too much his Mind, for him to attend to Trifles; among the loweſt of which (as was hinted) he had ranked this Letter.

On *Monday* the 9th inſtant Juſtice *Fielding* ſent to Mr. *May*, deſiring to ſpeak with him: but the latter being abroad, could not attend. The ſame Day Mrs. *May* informed her Huſband of Mr. *Fielding*'s Meſſage, to which he paid very little Attention, as not conceiving that this Magiſtrate could have any Sort of Buſineſs with him: and, for this Reaſon, did not diſcover a Readineſs to go to his Houſe. But on Mrs. *May*'s repreſenting, that ſhe thought it might be proper for him to wait on that Gentleman, as a Houſe of ill Fame behind theirs, (in *Market-Lane*) had been ſuppreſs'd and ſhut up, no longer than the *Thurſday* before, (the Day the Letter was dropp'd;) Mr. *May*, ſuppoſing that this muſt certainly be the Buſineſs, went about Four o'Clock the ſame Afternoon, to the above-mentioned Magiſtrate's Houſe, in *Bow-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, and gave in his Name to the Clerk; who told him, that the Juſtice was ſo vaſtly buſy, that he could not be ſpoke with: upon which Mr. *May* returned Home, with a Reſolution, not to concern himſelf any more about that Matter.

But near Eleven the ſame Night, Mr. *May*, being in his Club-Room at the Horſe-Shoe, Word was brought, that ſomebody in a Coach ſtanding at the Door, deſired to ſpeak with him. Going down, he found Mr. *Fielding*, and another Perſon in it.

The

The Juſtice then ſaying, that he had ſomething of great Importance to communicate to Mr. *May*, deſired him to ſtep into the Coach, which he did. But on the Juſtice's ſaying that they were going to his Houſe, in *Bow-Street*, *Covent-Garden*, Mr. *May* wanted to be excus'd; but offered to attend him next Morning, and that he would go to Bed. The Juſtice then declared that he muſt go, in order to clear up a Point at his (Mr. *Fielding*'s) Houſe, where a Gentleman was waiting for that Purpoſe. Mr. *May* was very much puzzled at all this, and eſpecially at his being detained: but as Innocence is not eaſily ruffled or diſcompoſed, he felt no other Emotions, than thoſe of Aſtoniſhment; the whole ſeeming as a Dream, and that of the moſt groteſque and extravagant Kind; he not being able to conceive, why he ſhould be taken into Cuſtody, in order to go to a Gentleman, at the Juſtice's Houſe.

Being come (my Lord,) to Mr. *Fieldings*, he found a Guard poſted there, with their Bayonets on their Firelocks; a Spectacle that heightened his Amazement, but not his Fears: And, indeed to a Man entirely innocent, and quite ignorant of the Affair then upon the Carpet, the Whole muſt appear as wild and incoherent as the moſt romantic Incident in Don *Quixot*.

Between

Between Six and Seven next Morning, (*Tueſday* the 10th) *Lovel Stanhope*, Eſq; one of the Under-Secretaries of State, came in; when he examined Mr. *May*, with the Zeal becoming a faithful Servant of his Sovereign; and, at the ſame Time, with the Humanity that always diſtinguiſhes the Gentleman. Mr. *May* had (before this,) been aſked for the Letter which was brought to his Houſe in the *Hay-market*, in a Bandbox. He replied, that he knew nothing of the Letter they ſpoke of, and had never ſeen it; and indeed no one had ſeen its horrid Contents, except the wicked Forgers of it, as will appear afterwards. This greatly ſurprized the Examiners; they knowing very well that ſuch a Bandbox had been delivered at Mr. *May*'s Houſe; the Servant-Maid of the Horſe-Shoe (mentioned before) with the Maſter of it, being at that Time in Cuſtody. Mr. *May* then obſerved, that ſuch a Letter had been tranſiently mentioned to him, but as of no Conſequence; and that he believed it might be in the Hands of Mrs. *May*, or ſomewhere in his Houſe.

Upon this Mr. *Welch*, one of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, went, about One the ſame *Tueſday* Morning, to Mr. *May*'s; when he aſked Mrs. *May* for a Band-box, and a Letter: ſhe replied, that ſhe had the Band-box; but that her Son, Mr. *Crawford*, had the Letter. Juſtice

Welch then deſiring to ſpeak with Mr. *Crawford*; ſhe told him that he had been in Bed ever ſince Ten o'Clock. Mr. *Welch* ſaid, he was ſorry to diſturb him, but that his Duty obliged him to it; in order to get at a Letter, which was declared to be in Mr. *Crawford*'s Hands. They then all went up Stairs, when Juſtice *Welch* (on the Maid's knocking gently at the Chamber Door) deſired him to riſe. Mr. *Crawford* being wak'd out of his firſt Sleep, and haſtily aſking what he wanted, was anſwered, "*a Letter.*"—*A Letter*, replies he, (not recollecting that in the Band-box;) I don't know what you mean. Mr. *Welch* then ſaid, that it was with Reluctance he broke in upon him, at ſo late an Hour; but that it was an Act of Neceſſity, and therefore preſs'd him to riſe. Mr. *Crawford* then opened the Door inſtantly; when Juſtice *Welch* told him, that he muſt have the Letter which came in a Band-box. Mr. *Crawford* anſwered, that he did know of ſuch a Letter, but could not immediately recollect where it was; he having imagined it to be ſome Frolick.—Mr. *Welch* adding, that this Letter was of a very extraordinary Nature; and that he would not, for a hundred Pounds, but he ſhould find it: Mr. *Crawford* (who was no leſs amazed than Mr. *May* had been) began immediately to hunt about for it; but, for ſome Time, to no

Purpoſe.

Purpoſe. Mr. *Welch* ſtill expatiating on the abſolute Neceſſity there was, of its being produced forthwith, Mr. *Crawford* was only puzzled the more: And as Perſons, when confuſed, are very apt to overlook the very Thing they ſearch after; it was ſome Time before they could meet with the Letter; and it was found at laſt in a Window, thrown careleſsly there, with other looſe Papers. Mr. *Welch* having now got Poſſeſſion of it, and perceiving that it had not been opened, expreſſed great Joy on that Account. After which ſaying, that he muſt carry it immediately to Mr. *Fielding*, and that Mr. *May* was in Cuſtody there; Mr. *Crawford* (who now was more ſurprized than ever; and who, had not the whole been of ſo tragical a Caſt, muſt have taken it for a Farce;) earneſtly deſired to go along with him, which was readily granted.

Being now at Juſtice *Fielding*'s, Mr. *Crawford*'s Aſtoniſhment increaſed, on his ſeeing Soldiers there; and eſpecially when, about Four o'Clock in the Morning, a Serjeant's Guard entered, and was poſted there likewiſe. All this Time Mr. *May* and Mr. *Crawford* had not been permitted to ſpeak to One another. Mr. *May* was afterwards ſtrictly examined; and charged on Suſpicion of his holding a treaſonable Correſpondence with *France*; and with being an Accomplice, in a horrid and moſt deteſtable

Deſign, *viz.* that of blowing up the Royal Family, with great Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry, by lodging Barrels of Gunpowder under the Opera-Houſe: but that failing (there) in their execrable Deſign, the ſame was to be transferred to *Kew*.—(Vile, ſtupid Copy of the infernal Gun-powder Plot, of the 5th of *November!*)—On this Occaſion Mr. *May*, conſcious of his perfect Innocence, moſt heartily deſpiſed the Accuſation; tho' he could not but be juſtly fired with the ſtrongeſt Reſentment, againſt the dark Wretches who had given riſe to it; and which put himſelf, and his whole Family, to ſo much Confuſion.

About three the ſame Morning, (*Tueſday* the 10th) Mr. *Carrington*, one of his Majeſty's Meſſengers, and three Soldiers, came to Mr. *May*'s in the *Haymarket*; where they behaved as well as Men could do in their Circumſtances. Mr. *Carrington* informed Mrs. *May*, that they muſt poſt a Guard in her Houſe; and not permit any Perſon to go in or out. The Soldiers, who knew Mrs. *May*, (they having done Duty in that Houſe before, but on a very different Occaſion;) expreſſed great Concern at the Affair they were come upon, and behaved very reſpectfully to her. Mr. *Carrington*, after being ſhown by Mrs. *May* herſelf, the ſeveral Street-doors belonging to the Opera-Houſe, (ſhe not wanting to ſcreen any

Thing) locked them all carefully; then took down the Names of the various Perſons in the Houſe; and after ſearching about, ſealed a Bureau in the Parlour; it being locked, and Mr. *May* having the Key.—All this muſt have been extremely diſagreeable to Mrs. *May*, had ſhe not been a Woman of ſome Spirit; and had not plainly perceived, that the whole muſt be a low, dirty, deteſtable Contrivance; calculated (tho' in vain) to deſtroy her innocent Huſband, with his no leſs innocent Family. I ſay in vain, becauſe every Circumſtance muſt (at laſt) have turned out in Mr. *May*'s Favour; as the Charge would have been found utterly void of Probability. In the firſt Place, Mr. *May* has the very great Honour, of not being unknown to the Royal Family. And, with regard to the Nobility and Gentry, few People in *England* are better known to them than he is; or more favourably thought of, by them.—In the ſecond Place, it is under the Auſpices of the preſent illuſtrious Family, and of our Nobility and Gentry, that he has acquired a Fortune, on which he lives very happily; eſteemed and beloved by all his Acquaintance. What then ſhould induce a Man, thus agreeably ſettled, to wiſh for a Revolution? and eſpecially to endeavour to bring about a Revolution by Machinations, at the bare Reflection on which, the Soul of every good Man muſt ſhudder?

Perſons

Perſons of Senſe, of Honour, of Humanity, of Property, muſt abhor the Thoughts of a Change. This can be wiſhed for by none, (ſome mad *Enthuſiaſts* excepted) but Creatures who are a Prey to ſharp Neceſſity; by Wretches who are ever prepared for the worſt of Crimes, like to thoſe whoſe Turn of Mind, according to *Salluſt*, was, *Rapere, conſumere; ſui parvi pendere, aliena cupere; pudorem, pudicitiam, divina atque humana promiſcua, nihil penſi, neque moderate habere.*

But it may be clearly ſhown (my Lord) that this Scheme of Mr. *May*'s Enemies, was as ſilly as it was villainous.—Firſt, his ſtrong Attachment, and that of his Family, to the illuſtrious Houſe which now ſways the Scepter of theſe Kingdoms, is ſo univerſally known, that any Attempt to impeach it, muſt (as was hinted above) have fallen, at laſt, to the Ground.—In the ſecond Place, the Contrivers of this Plot diſcovered the utmoſt Stupidity, in dropping a Letter (for it ſeems to have been dropt on purpoſe) at ſeven in the Evening; in which Letter it was declared, that another (in a Band-box) would come to the Horſe-ſhoe Alehouſe in the *Haymarket*: By which Notice (had the firſt Letter fallen immediately into the Hands of the Government, *&c.*) the Wretch who brought the Band-box, might eaſily

eaſily have been ſeized at the Horſe-ſhoe Door, and deſervedly puniſhed.

To return to Mr. *May*'s Houſe in the *Haymarket*. About four on the ſame *Tueſday* Morning, Juſtice *Welch*, with Mr. *Carrington*, and another Perſon, came thither; and told Mrs. *May*, that hearing ſhe had a Country Houſe at *Turnham-Green*, they muſt go thither immediately, and ſearch it. Mr. *Carrington* obſerved, that one of her People might go thither with them; and ſhe not give herſelf any Trouble on this Occaſion. But Mrs. *May* anſwering, that ſhe was not willing any of her Servants ſhould have the rummaging of every Thing, choſe rather to go herſelf. They then ſet out together in a Coach. During this little Journey, Juſtice *Welch* treated Mrs. *May* with the greateſt Courteſy; and told her (after their Return from *Turnham-Green*) that he did not doubt but that the whole was an infamous Forgery; ſet on Foot by ſome virulent ſecret Enemy, or Enemies, in no other View than to deſtroy her Huſband.

Being arrived (my Lord) at *Turnham-Green*, and Mrs. *May* having the Keys of the ſeveral Locks there, every Thing was immediately opened to them. They then took out all the Papers they could meet with, in order to carry them to Juſtice *Fielding*'s. And, after ſearching every Part

of

of the Houſe, very carefully; returned back, with Mrs. *May*, to *London*.

But how hateful muſt it be to moſt People, to have their Houſes ranſacked, and all their Papers not only inſpected, but carried away! The Contents of many of theſe, tho' innocent in themſelves, and conſequently no ways injurious to Society, are often of ſuch a Nature, that the Owners would not have them pryed into for the World. How many harmleſs Secrets which ought to be buried in Oblivion, might thereby be diſcovered! What Weakneſſes laid open! What Diſappointments occaſioned! What Feuds and Animoſities enſue!—I ſpeak not this (my Lord) to arraign the Conduct of thoſe who are commanded, by my Superiors, to make ſuch a Search; and who ſometimes are obliged to uſe violent Methods; for Officers ſhould do their Duty, and every good Government ought to protect itſelf:—My Indignation is levelled only at abominable Slanderers, who occaſion ſuch Diſtractions.

To return to the Papers found at Mr. *May*'s at *Turnham-Green*. Theſe being examined at Mr. *Fielding*'s, were found, (as it was impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe) very harmleſs. After which, all Circumſtances being carefully and impartially weighed, it appeared, clear as the cloudleſs Sun, that inſtead of Mr. *May*'s being concerned in a

Plot

Plot to overturn the Government; ſome deteſtable Wretches had wickedly conſpired to blow him up.

Mr. *Fielding* had waited on the Regency that Morning, (the 10th) and about eleven o'Clock, came and informed Mr. *May*, that every Thing turned in his Favour. As Mr. *May* was conſcious of no Evil, and ſenſible of his thorough Innocence, with regard to the execrable Charge; he was very little affected with the News, he expecting no other; and being certain that the Lords of the Regency would do him every Juſtice.—About two (my Lord) the ſame Afternoon, the Guard being taken off, Mr. *May* was carried, with Mr. *Crawford*, to Mr. *Carrington*'s Houſe, where they were detained till Six o'Clock. After which, both returning back to Mr. *Fielding*'s, they there were honourably diſmiſſed by an Order of the Regency, brought by *Lovel Stanhope*, Eſq;—I ſhould have obſerved, that before Mr. *May* was diſcharged, all his Papers which had been ſeized, were returned him by Mr. *Carrington*, at the Houſe of the latter.

During the Time of the Confinement of the above-mentioned Perſons at Mr. *Fielding*'s, (as likewiſe at Mr. *Carrington*'s) they were treated like Gentlemen, and offered every ſort of Refreſhment. On this Account Mr. *May*, at his leaving the above Magiſtrate's, deſired to reward his Servants,

both for their Civility, and for the Trouble he had given. But as Mr. *Fielding* could not be prevailed upon to take a Farthing; and as Mr. *May* inſiſted upon leaving ſome Money, and did ſo; the former immediately ſent it to one of the Hoſpitals.

Thoſe who had confined Mr. *May*, expreſſed their Regret, at his having been expoſed (with his Family) to ſo much Vexation, and put to ſuch great Trouble; and declared, that they would gladly give him all imaginable Aſſiſtance, in order that he might find out (if poſſible) the Contrivers and Abettors, of this black Scene of Iniquity.

On this Occaſion (my Lord) 'tis but doing Juſtice to moſt of the Perſons concerned in taking up the innocent Mr. *May*, to take Notice, that, at the ſame Time they diſcharged their Duty with the utmoſt Vigilance; they behaved, in general, towards him, and thoſe belonging to him, with all the Lenity that Men could do in their Situation. 'Tis well known that People in Office, ſometimes diſcover (to their Shame indeed) great Brutality; even in Caſes that claim a very different Behaviour. 'Twas in the Power of thoſe who went to Mrs. *May*, to have treated her roughly. And had the Officers of Juſtice, who ſearched Mr. *Crawford*'s Apartment, for the Letter, exerted all the Authority with which they were inveſted;

veſted; (tho' to have exerted it, as Matters were circumſtanced, would have been inhuman:) They might have broke open his Door at once, and ruſhed into his Bedchamber; which, as it was the dead of Night, and he faſt aſleep, might have terrified him greatly; and been attended with the moſt melancholy Conſequences.

Mr. *May*, after his Return home, publiſhed (as has been obſerved) a Reward of one hundred Pounds, to any Perſon who ſhould diſcover the Author, or Authors, of this deteſtable Conſpiracy: And it muſt be the hearty Wiſh, of every honeſt Man, that they may be ſoon dragged to Light.

The Wiſhes of your Lordſhip are, I am confident, extremely ſanguine in this Reſpect: and were it in your Power to aid the Diſcovery; I doubt not but that you would call forth the ſame active Spirit, which you have exerted, whenever it was neceſſary, to maintain the publick Peace, or to bring Villains to Juſtice.

Thus your Lordſhip has ſeen, that Mr. *May* was confined from eleven at Night (*Monday* the 9th) till ſix the next Evening, during all which Time he did not go to Bed. It appears that Mr. *Crawford* was likewiſe, with Mr. *May*, detained the greateſt Part of that Time, tho' the former went (at firſt) voluntarily. It has been ſhown, that the Maſter, and Maid-Servant of the

Horſe-ſhoe were alſo taken up. Your Lordſhip may now, very naturally expect to hear of ſome Enquiry made at the Cocoa-Tree Chocolate-Houſe; as the two Men advertiſed were declared to go in thither. I doubt not but that proper Enquiry was made at that Houſe, as the Magiſtrates, who acted on this Occaſion, ſhewed ſuch extreme Vigilance in other Particulars; and as they examined Mr. *May*'s Maid who took in the Band-box. Your Lordſhip may likewiſe very naturally expect, to hear ſomething farther, with regard to the Laundry-Maid, who picked up the abominable Letter.—I am fully perſuaded (for the Reaſons given above) that ſhe alſo was interrogated very fully; tho' I have not heard the Reſult of her Examination. Her Conduct, in this Affair, might give riſe to many Reflections.—That ſhe took ſome Notice of the two Men in *Pall-mall*, is evident, from the Deſcription ſhe has given of their Perſons, and of their Dreſs. And 'tis remarkable, that as ſhe ſaw the Letter drop out of one of their Pockets, ſhe did not run after them, and return it, as common Civility required. 'Tis ſtill more remarkable, that ſhe ſhould not open the Letter all that Night. It could otherwiſe be ſuppoſed, that dear Curioſity had prompted her to keep it; as imagining it contained an Amour, or ſome equally important Matter.—But whatever might have

been

been the Motive of her keeping this Letter; 'tis great Pity that her Curiosity was not as ſtrong, with regard to diſcovering the Names of theſe Perſons, as it was to pry into the Contents of the abominable Letter, as this might have ſaved the Government, Mr. *May*, and his Family, a great deal of Trouble; and brought the Villain, or Villains, to condign Puniſhment.

When Mr. *May*, and Mr. *Crawford*, were carried from Juſtice *Fielding*'s to Mr. *Carrington*'s, the Street was full of People, who were aſſembled in order to ſwallow down News; and, if poſſible, to get a Sight of the ſuppoſed Conſpirators. Tho' the Perſons thus falſely charged, had the ſilent Teſtimony of a good Conſcience (that moſt delightful of Companions!) yet, as Men of ſpotleſs Innocence, and the greateſt Virtue, have ſometimes fallen Victims to a deluded, enraged Populace; it was natural for thoſe here in Cuſtody to feel ſome Uneaſineſs on that Account. But, ſuppoſing it otherwiſe, it muſt be extremely diſagreeable for them to be made a Gazing-ſtock to the gaping Multitude; and to be thought the moſt wicked, and deſperate Ruffians; for ſuch they were declared to be by many of the Mob; and alſo hinted at in low *Grub-ſtreet* Papers, two of which lie now before me; the one intitled, *An Account of a moſt bloody Plot, that was diſcovered on Monday Night laſt*,

laſt, at a certain great Houſe near Charing-Croſs: The Title of the other was, *A full, true, and particular Account, of the Diſcovery of a damnable horrid Plot, that has been contrived and carried on, with Deſign to blow up, with Gun-powder, Perſons of the higheſt Rank, and the Nobility, at the Opera-Houſe in the* Haymarket; *with the Examination of the Ringleaders, and their Commitment to* Newgate. As thoſe two Papers contained ſomething very extraordinary they found (tho' falſe in every Particular) numberleſs Purchaſers.

On Eagle's Wings immortal Scandals fly,
Whilſt virtuous Actions are but born, and die.

DRYDEN's *Juvenal.*

The Report of this pretended Conſpiracy ſoon ſpread over the Kingdom; occaſioned Confuſion during twenty-four Hours, and influenced the Stocks.—As this ſtrange Affair is now over, it may be a Subject for Mirth to Perſons who were not immediately affected with it; but it muſt be far otherwiſe to Mr. *May* and Mr. *Crawford*, on whom it, no doubt, will make the deepeſt Impreſſion, ſo long as they live.

The gloomy Wretch, whoſe Mind is capable of hatching ſo wicked a Scheme, is highly guilty in a double Reſpect.—Firſt, in

in impiouſly attempting to diſturb the Tranquillity of the Government that protects him; and which it, therefore, is his Duty to ſupport, ſo far as he is able.—Secondly, in his villainouſly endeavouring, not only to blaſt the Reputation; but even to bring to an ignominious Death, Perſons whom he knows to be intirely innocent with Regard to Crimes, which have no Exiſtence, except in his own infernal Brain. The *Romans*, on the firſt Diſcovery of a Parricide, commanded the Perpetrator of it to be ſewed up in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea: And could ſome ſuch Puniſhment be inflicted on the Conſpirators in Queſtion; I believe few Perſons would think, that they had met with an undeſerved Fate.

I ſometimes am of Opinion, that the greateſt Inconveniencies, and even Miſchiefs, found in Society ariſe from FALSHOOD. The Tongue being a very flippant Inſtrument, nothing is eaſier to a bad Man, than the forging of a Lye; in order to promote, or palliate wicked Practices. Theſe Lyes are as eaſily circulated as invented; a Circumſtance probably owing to the Spirit of Curioſity, naturally inherent in the Mind of Man; which prompts him to greedily receive every Thing new; and is, on that Account, a great Encouragement to Multitudes, to invent Falſities, as the People are ever ready to liſten to them.

But

But how engaging, how beautiful, how excellent is TRUTH! Her ſacred Inſpirations preſided at the Formation of the Univerſe; and, by thoſe Inſpirations, all created Beings have ſince been wonderfully maintained and preſerved; and will be ſo to endleſs Ages. The greateſt Enemy to Truth is Man, whoſe inordinate Paſſions make this Earth a Scene of Miſery, (to vaſt Numbers) which otherwiſe would have been a Seat of Happineſs.

Daily Experience ſhews, that Truth is very hard to be met with: whence I do not wonder that the Philoſopher of old, ſhould have had infinite Trouble in ſearching after her; and that he ſhould find her, at laſt, at the Bottom of a Well.—As the World goes, (and probably has uſually gone) it was very happy that he met with her at laſt.

Shall I not quite tire your Lordſhip with my preaching, in adding, that if we (on the other Hand) caſt our Eyes round, what mighty Evils will appear to flow, from the propagating of Falſities? Some innocent Perſons are deprived of their Lives; ſome of their Properties; and others, of what is yet more dear to them than Riches, (or even Life itſelf) of their GOOD NAME. What a Confuſion is brought among Mankind by Lyes! Theſe being the great Diſturbers of *Order*, which is the main Pillar of Society. This Confuſion is ſeen (in too many Fami-

lies) every Day, every Hour, and in almoſt every Inſtance! It is ſeen in Bodies of Men! It is ſeen in Governments! A Lye is a Species of bad Money, that is very eaſily coined; and though of ſo baſe an Alloy, has often a ſwifter Currency than the true. A Lye is the more to be dreaded, as it frequently is the Parent of PERJURY; a Crime big with the moſt horrid Impiety. Hence it is the Intereſt of every Lover of Truth, of Peace, of Harmony, of Juſtice, to purſue and hunt down a Liar, with as much Vigour as a Sportſman will a Fox, that far more innocent Animal. And therefore, thrice happy were it for Mankind, could their Governors find out a more effectual Method, than has yet been hit upon, to ſtop the Circulation of Untruths. I would not preſume to dictate to my Superiors, on this, or any other Occaſion: but were Lyars, of a certain Claſs, to have their Mouths ſewed up; it is certain that many honeſt Men, who now ſuffer greatly by the Venom of their Tongues, would lead much more comfortable Lives.

No Law ſeems to me more equitable, than the celebrated *Lex Talionis* of the *Romans*. By this Law, every falſe Accuſer was to ſuffer the ſame Puniſhment, as he would have brought on the innocent Perſon accuſed by him. Was this Law now in Force, and it were poſſible to diſcover the

Villains who made Mr. *May* the Object of their inveterate Malice; they would be loaded with Irons in *Newgate*, afterwards dragged to *Tyburn* on a Hurdle, and there hanged and quartered. Though many might look upon this Puniſhment as too cruel; yet few (I ſhould think) but would conclude, that they deſerv'd to be drawn publickly to *Tyburn*, and afterwards impriſoned; if not during their Lives, at leaſt for many Years.—But our excellent *Shakeſpeare* has ſuggeſted, with his uſual Sagacity and Magnificence of Thought (in the Motto to this Epiſtle) the proper Puniſhment due to ſuch abominable Wretches.

In the Inſtance before us, had the infamous Liars laid their Plot deeper, by privately introducing Papers, of a treaſonable Tendency, into Mr. *May*'s Houſe (in Town or Country) and there lodged them. Had they, about the ſame Time, clandeſtinely conveyed ſome Keggs of Gunpowder under the Opera-Houſe, to which there are ſeveral Doors, and which is frequented by all Sorts of People; to what Evils might not the innocent Mr. *May* (though happy in the beſt of Characters) have been expoſed; at leaſt for ſome little Time! But the Reflection is too horrid to dwell upon! That there ſhould be ſuch deteſtable Wretches among Men, is a Scandal to the Species. I therefore cannot better cloſe theſe Reflections,

tions, than by wiſhing a ſpeedy Extirpation of theſe *worſt Peſts of Society*; ſince no honeſt Man is ſafe, whilſt ſuch are permitted to exiſt.

I ſhall conclude this haſty Epiſtle, with aſſuring your Lordſhip, that neither Mr. *May*, nor any Perſon belonging to him, have ſeen a ſingle Word of what I now have the Honour of addreſſing to You. The ſole Motive of my drawing together theſe imperfect Hints, was to do ſome Juſtice to a very worthy, a very ſenſible, and greatly injur'd Man: and this, only, for ſuch as are not acquainted with him; for to thoſe, who know him, all Apology would be ſuperfluous. I am, with all imaginable Reſpect,

MY LORD:

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

ISLINGTON,
June 14, 1755.

JOHN LOCKMAN.

FINIS.

tions, than by wishing a speedy Extirpation of these worst Pests of Society; since no honest Man is safe, whilst such are permitted to exist.

I shall conclude this hasty Epistle, with assuring your Lordship, that neither Mr. May, nor any Person belonging to him, have seen a single Word of what I now have the Honour of addressing to You. The sole Motive of my drawing together these imperfect Hints, was to do some Justice to a very worthy, a very sensible, and greatly injur'd Man: and this, only, for such as are not acquainted with him; for to those, who know him, all Apology would be superfluous. I am, with all imaginable Respect,

MY LORD:

Your Lordship's most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

Lisle,
June 14, 1759.

JOHN LOCKMAN.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM